

# THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1851.

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## TERMS:

THE POST will be published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable within three months from the time of advertising; \$2.50 in six months—or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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## THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1851.

**PLANK ROAD.**—The Wetumpka State Guard states that the tolls taken on the Central Plank Road, at one of the gates, were \$195 the first forty days. This only includes the travel for about four miles, and the Guard concludes from this fact that the stock will prove the most profitable of any in the country.

**BALLOON NAVIGATION.**—It said that a balloon has been constructed at Paris which obeys the helm, and can be driven even against the wind by its conductor. This machine has made several voyages round the Hippodrome, and has been made to turn in every direction; but its progress in the air has not yet been tested, and the utmost secrecy is observed as to the means employed.

**LYNCHING AN ABOLITIONIST IN KENTUCKY.**—Rev. Edward Matthews, traveling agent of the American Baptist Emancipation Society of New York, whilst on a pilgrimage to the residence of Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, stopped at Richmond, Ky., and made use of certain unwholesome expressions relative to the subject of slavery, which induced the citizens to order him to leave the town. He left, but returned a day or two afterwards, whereupon some citizens seized him, and after ducking him nine times in a horse-pond, ordered him to leave the State. Upon refusing to do so, he was dipped twice more; whereupon he promised to leave immediately, and took up the line of march on foot for Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NEW ORLEANS, March 9.

**TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN PAULING, MISS.**—A negro in Pauling, Mississippi, having committed an outrage upon the person of a white lady, and afterwards murdered her and her son, the citizens turned out en masse and arrested the negro, burned him alive.

**HAND HIM ROUND.**—The Charleston Sun has the following interesting notice of a certain Mr. Spencer, one of the struggling lecturers of the day. It says:

"We would call the attention of the public to the last trick of magic of the Hon. gentleman mentioned, by which he succeeded in eloping and leaving behind his advertising account unpaid, which he was successful enough to swell to no very trifling amount. We request all papers to give this notice an insertion, and at the same time beware of so successful an operator on their interests and indulgence."

The particular vice of evil speaking seems to grow continually more prevalent, and is the fruitful source of great evils—more than we have space to enumerate. It begets a spirit of distrust and suspicion, which impairs the freedom and geniality of social intercourse; it invades the domestic hearth, and destroys the peace of families. No one is too high or too low to escape the envenomed tongue of the slanderer; no character so elevated as not to be sullied by his calumnies. Few of us have not at some time suffered from the ravages of this destructive spirit of gossip and tale bearing, yet how little these sufferings have taught us to endeavor to shield others from shafts similar to those which have wounded us. Every day's experience demonstrates to us the falsity of reports against our friends and neighbors, which have been asserted to be beyond possibly of doubt, yet we are still ready to lend our ears to the next scandal-bearer who seeks a receptacle for his calumnies. Let us do so no longer—let us resolve to do all in our power to discountenance and quell this spirit of evil—let us endeavor to infuse into our own natures, into the souls of all within our influence, some portion of that spirit without which Paul thought himself nothing, "though he should speak with the tongues of men and angels"—that spirit which "thinketh no evil," the spirit of Charity.

## TRIBUTE OF PRAISE TO MR. FILLMORE FROM NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

The wise, conservative, patriotic course of President Fillmore, is extorting compliments from those who have hitherto acted with his ultra democratic opponents in the south. In the Senatorial debate on the fugitive slave rescue in Boston, on the 22d ult., Mr. Clemens of Alabama, gave utterance to the following just and generous sentiments, honorable alike to Mr. Fillmore and to the gifted speaker:

I have no personal knowledge of what may be the public sentiment of Massachusetts. I do not know whether that sentiment will aid or oppose the proper officers in the execution of the law; and I do not greatly care. They may have as many abstract theories as they please, but if they attempt to reduce those theories to practice contrary to law, they will find that this Government has the power, as it assuredly has the will, to enforce the execution of any act of Congress in any State of this confederacy, while it remains a member of the Union; and no matter what may be public opinion in Boston, or any where else, it must bend to the public opinion of the republic. The Senator from Massachusetts intimated on yesterday that the President had acted somewhat hastily in this matter. Sir, the Senator would be right if this was a mere case of the rescue of a person charged with murder—with any other felony—with any thing, save being a runaway slave. But it must be recollected that this is a subject upon which the people of the half of the States of this Union feel a deep and absorbing interest. It must be recollected that every arrest of a fugitive is watched with intense jealousy, and the whole proceedings are scanned by those who are but too willing to create dissensions against the Government. The temper which has recently shaken our political fabric has by no means subsided, the clouds have not yet dispersed; the mutterings of the thunder have not yet died away; the forked lightnings still play upon the horizon; and the fierce howlings of the winds which bore along the wild cry of disunion are distinctly audible. Under these circumstances the President would have been false to the high trust confided to him, false to his country, false to his own fame, if he had hesitated one moment to give public assurance of his determination to vindicate the violated majesty of the law, and carry out by force, if needs be, the mandates of the constitution. Nay, more, sir—the very men who now make light of his proclamation would have been the first to denounce and upbraid him if he had exhibited the least hesitation as to the line of his duty. Sir, I honor him for his course, and if the approbation of a political opponent, who has in times past done him some wrong, be at all grateful to him, let him be assured that not I only, but thousands of others of my political friends heartily thank him for what he has done, and fervently thank God that we have in this crisis a patriot and a statesman at the head of affairs who knows his duty and dares to perform it.

## A NOBLE PARTY.

The following paragraph is from the Nashville Banner.

The whigs of Tennessee have been as true as steel to the South, and as sturdy as their mountains in defense of the Union. Who will say that these positions are incompatible? They have sternly warred against the abolitionists, and they have spared no resources to law, or disunionists, North or South. And why should they be so lost to their own self-respect as to countenance either? None have gone further than the whigs of Tennessee in maintaining the "reserved rights of the States," and none are more unwavering in their support of those "clearly expressed powers of the General Government," without which it would soon lapse into that anarchy of rival States which has destroyed all federative republics that have preceded us. Who will say they cannot stand on this ground? Who will say that a man must be for a State and against the Union, or for the Union and against a State? The whigs of Tennessee maintain that to preserve the Union, we must vigilantly guard the Constitution against infraction. But they do not say, if the Constitution is by some casualty, violated temporarily, that therefore the Union is at once dissolved and the government destroyed. But they say there is a guard in the Constitution—a recuperative power in the government—a shield in the people! There is redress, without destroying the government—correction in the judiciary—relief in the good sense and patriotism of the millions who love and revere the Constitution. But that after these have been resorted to, and have failed, if ever they do, then we have the inherent right to resist by force wrong and oppression growing out of "deliberate, palpable, and dangerous" violations of the Constitution. These are their sound positions. They are, then, at once decided but conservative—firm but reasonable—true to the Constitution, true to the Union, true to the interests of the South, and true to the inherent rights of the States, as expounded by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriotic founders of our Republican Institutions. What a glorious party! Who would not be proud to belong to it? They fight with no forked tongues—they embrace no odd ends of "factions" and "fire eaters," they run no riots after a season—they fly no white and red flags together—they never "look two ways for Sunday." But they plumb the track of the Constitution, they disdain hunting popularity in extreme and disorganizing positions, they make sure they are "right," and then go ahead with a moral courage that is perfectly admirable.

Getting married is but a trifle, but it takes a long time to get over it. So says a friend of ours who has recently tried the experiment.

## HENRY CLAY.

Mr Clay recently embarked at New York for Havana, whither he goes for health. The Tribune, noticing his presence in that city, and briefly alluding to his acquirements, and services as a statesman and patriot, concludes as follows:

Mr. Clay, we suppose, is destined never to be President—a destiny which men as good as he have encountered without murmuring. So with him. Yet it is hard to think, in regard to one so qualified, that he has been excluded from that lofty station not by his undeniable faults but by his virtues. Had he, in connection with his great qualities, been careful and plausible—had he been careful to trim his sails to the popular breeze and never speak till he was sure that what he purposed to say would be well received—had he served his country less and flattered his countrymen more—he, too, might have placed his name on the roll of the Presidents of the United States.

Yet it is better as Providence has ordered it. The missing statue of Brutus was more remarkable than the present statues of others equally illustrious. No special stamp of popular approval is needed to diffuse and perpetuate the fame of Henry Clay. While liberty shall have a resting-place among the crags of the Andes or Greece rekindle on her rocky coasts one gleam of her ancient glory—while Labor shall find in wide diversity of pursuits a fuller recompense, a steadier market and a broader path to independence—while steamboats shall plow one tributary to the Father of Waters or cars traverse on iron tracks the rugged hills of the East or the yielding prairies of the West—so long must the great champion of Liberty in other lands and genuine Independence in our own—of a varied and recapitulating Home Industry and of Internal Improvements to facilitate the exchange of its products—be gratefully remembered; and when at last he shall be gathered to his fathers this epitaph may be fully inscribed above his dust:

"Here lies

THE NOBLEST AMERICAN.  
To whom his countrymen presciently refused their highest honors,  
Because, while ever eager to serve, he was too sincere, too manly to cajole them.

Patriot Reader!  
Contrast his lofty, enduring fame with the deepening obscurity of a Tyler or a Polk.  
And be inspired to imitate his glorious example."

**DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.**—A man in Roxbury, Mass., got into a quarrel with another, and it was agreed that the parties should settle their difficulties by a fight on the subsequent day. The wife of one of the parties hearing of the arrangement, went to an apothecary's shop and told the circumstances of the case, and inquired the quantity of laudanum necessary to put her husband into a sleep from which he would not awake until after the time fixed for the fight to come off. She was told the quantity, but, to make the thing sure, her kindness prompted her to add to the dose mentioned, and she administered so much that it proved fatal. She told the whole story—her oaths—her regrets—and the coroner and other authorities have wisely determined that the woman was not subject to criminal proceedings.

**PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.**—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, gives the following list of candidates and their hobbies:

Scott and Canada.  
Houston and Cuba.  
Seward and free soil.  
Ivans P. Walker and free farms.  
Jefferson Davis and Southern rights.  
Cass and Cullen's rights.  
Lucretia Mott and Woman's rights.

Fifty young men, were some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house, to enjoy themselves in a social hilarity, where the wine cup passed freely round. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself,—"Right about, face!" He turned on his heel, and went back to his room, and was never seen at the public house again. He has become rich; and the first block of buildings which he erected, was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got going and couldn't stop, till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in the drunkard's grave.

**ALMOST MARRIED.**—At Huron, Erie county, on the 3d, there was a curious attempt at marriage.

It appears that relations of intimate friendship had existed between Dr. R. and Miss B. for some two years, which resulted in their presenting themselves at the Episcopal Church for the purpose of marriage. The first portion of the service, embracing the views of the bridegroom, were promptly responded to by him. The covenant of the bride was then read by the clergyman, to which she promptly answered, "No." The minister asked her if she was in earnest in what she said. "Yes, sir," said she; "he has perjured himself, trifled with the affections of others, and I have but done him justice!" And turning round she took a gentleman's arm and left the church. The doctor says he don't understand it, and declares his innocence.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

## BEGIN RIGHT.

The following if not new, is at least true—and is worthy of attention, at this particular time, when so many of 'em are rushing ineffectually into the holy bands of matrimony, to be lost to us forever.

A certain man once married a lady, whose reputation for amiability of disposition was seriously questioned, if it was not in reality seriously questionable. At the wedding, every thing went off merrily, of course, the party given, the supper magnificent—the whole affair had been eminently successful, and all parties extremely delighted.

On retiring to his apartments, the gentleman found himself annoyed by the mewling and purring of a cat.

"What in the devil's name is the?" he exclaimed.

"Oh! nothing my dear," replied the bride, "but my favorite cat, pussita."

"Oh!—Pussita!—I hate cats!"

With this he most unceremoniously threw pussita out of the second story window.

"Well if you haven't got a temper!"

"Yes! my dear you'd better believe it."

"Every thing," continued his Uncle, "went on well, in that establishment—even to a warm dinner on Sunday."

Now it so happened that a friend of the above mentioned gentleman, who had some months before committed the error of marrying an angel, took occasion to enquire of him—

"How it was, that with him, everything went merry as the marriage bell," while, on the contrary, he (his friend) had almost given up the idea of wearing pantaloons at all."

Whereupon he related to him the story of Pussita and the second story window.

"Without," said Uncle, "fully impressing upon his mind the important moral—that it was necessary to begin right."

Nevertheless, there was that in his eye, when he started for home, that told of treason.

"Well," said his wife, "you've come home at last, have you?—after keeping me waiting up for you—and what's the matter—you haven't been drinking have you? You look very strange."

"Not in the least, my dear—but I hate cats."

"You do—do you—well, I like 'em—that's all the difference."

Hereupon the unfortunate husband made a dash at poor Tabby—who was quietly snoozing on the sofa—and rushed impudently to the window.

"You have been drinking. What are you going to do monster?"

"I threw her out of the window!"

"You'd better try it—I'd like to see you do it—I'd break every bone in your body—why don't you throw a rat out—I dare you to do it!"

He put the cat softly down on the sofa, long his hat on a peg in the entry, his manliness and his pantaloons on an easy chair, and exclaimed—

"Go in, ducky darling, and win—I didn't begin right!"

"I rather think you didn't—you better take a fresh start—but don't try that game again, or you'll catch it, come to bed,"—and he went.

"Wrong from the beginning!" said Uncle. On dear me!

**A COMPLIMENT WORTH HAVING.**—A Mexican history of the Mexican war, lately published, says of Gen. Scott:

"His humanity on all occasions, his kindness, as evinced to every individual, and his sympathy and attention to the sick and wounded, endeared him to the whole army, officers and men. In fact, the very generosity and excellence of his heart led him sometimes too far, and he has since reaped in ingratitude the good seed sown in the fulness of his noble sensibilities."

## DON'T YOU DO IT.

When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, being told you, don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of tortoise and bone, to be gained in the undertaking, don't you do it.

When a young lady catches you alone, lays violent eyes upon you, expressing "pop" in every glance, don't you do it.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you—"You had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

When a Horse kicks you, and you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return, don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositor tell you to whistle louder, don't you do it.

If on an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you—"Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, don't you do it."

If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes—just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the quarter.

Four story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement should get their ears moved up a little higher.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheel that propels them on to wealth and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your vest pocket, ye who idle in bar rooms or at the corners of the streets.

## MR. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL'S SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSES.

**HARDENED SINNERS:**

To noe thyself am one ob de fust and most 'portant laws ob de State ob 'Merica, derefore I shall dis ebenin lucidate on de popler subjick ob

## A NATOMY.

Anatomy, my poor ignorant frens, am de bones, muzzels, wains and sinners ob de human body and eberybody am human body, colord man an injin 'cluded.

I shall commence at de head ob de subjick, and ascendingly go down to de foots, and splain tings as I go 'long. Fustly, den, I 'back de brane which lay on top ob de cocoon in a pan furnished for de purpose, called de brane pan. Dis lays alongside ob an odder pan called de topanium ob de ear, which am so called, from de fac dat it enables us to hear different kinds ob sounds; here am mudder pan in de human body, and dat's de neopan, and when all dese pans am shut de human body am ready to go off 'specially if de human body 's got a load on. Me next come to de toat, which am made ob somefin like gutta percha, called lum'atix glands, which terminates at de borax, and runs into de juglers wane. Some felier's treat am bigger den odder feliers, and dey drink more bad ren and eat more, which est-est-est-est am all owing to de size ob de swaller.

De heart am de next.

Dere am two parts ob de hart, and it works in de human body jist like steam injine. It forces de blood to ebery part ob de ramification, eben to de hair, and dat am wat makes so many red heads. It lays rite under de lungs, wear de peoples had de culenary convulsion, rite below dese, an atevated de diagram, which am full ob holes, jist like a sieve. Dis ting am what keeps de stomack in its proper function, and allows de gastrick jesses to overflow de jubeus and fall into de pizaringtom, all ober de olfactory nerves, and sometimes deranges de whole apparatus, and de human body get sick, send for de doctor man, and funeral expenses hab to be paid by de poor house.

De must be a biler in de human body somevar, kase I hear de doctors talk so much 'bout complaints bein' owing to de bile, and I find it out if I hab to go to de Anatomical Museum to do it. De longest bone in de hole structure am called de spine; dis runs horizontally, dignitously, and catopically long de back bone, as far up as de back ob de neck a boss. Dis bone am full ob little jaters, and am de tenderest bone to foot wad, 'ceptin' de shin bone in de whole system.

**THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.**

It is the song my mother sings,

And gladly do I list the strain,

I never hear it but it brings

The wish to hear it sung again.

She breathed it to me long ago,

To lull me to my baby rest,

And as she murmured soft and low,

I slept in peace upon her breast.

Oh, angel-song, thou hast throng

Oh, angel-song, within thy spell,

I feel that I shall love thee long,

And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,

With doting glance of warm delight,

In after years I know not how

Thy plaintive tones may dim my sight,

And then this heart, thou gentle song,

Will find an anguish in thy spell,

'Twill wish it could not love so long,

Or that it had not loved so well.

A writer in the Dublin University Magazine makes the following sage remark:

We hold in higher reverence the memory of an ancestor who has left us £30,000 in bank stock or consols, than of one who has only bequeathed a marble monument in Westminster's old Abby."

A flourishing memoir in the "Lives of illustrious Englishmen," or an epic poem in twenty four cantos.

This will hold good, with very little variation, in this latitude.

"What makes you look so angry?" said Ed to Tom the other day.

"Angry! Would you look angry if a man were to spit in your face?"

"Certainly. Did any one do so to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course, you knocked him down."

"No, I didn't, but I looked devilish hard at him!"

A man attempted to spell crockery, and proceeded thus—

Kraughkearrighe—

but expired in a spasm before he could make a y, with which he intended to end the word.

A man being asked if he would like to live forever, replied, that considering the straightness of the times, and the wackiness of the government, he would not care about living more than half of it.

**NOTICE.—ESTRAY.**—Came into our enclosure somebody's small child, all ruck up with molasses candy. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

**WANTED TO KNOW.**—If people who cheat the Printer ever go to Heaven! Don't all speak at once.

## A DANDY TRANSLATED.

The following is an abridgment of a sketch from the spirit of the Times, the reading of which made us laugh all over—from heel taps to epidermis. The parties had "tied up" their boat on a river's bank in one of the Southern States, and were drying their clothes, and smoking, at a log fire. Let Joe Merriweather's brother tell the story of the catastrophe that befell him:

"You recollect, Mrs. Harris, brother Joe allers was a dressy sort of a chap; fond of brass buttons on his coat, and the darin'est kind of red neckerchers; and this time he had on a pair of buckskin breeches with straps under his boots. Well, when I was a talkin' to him ov the prospect for the next day, all ova sudden I thought the little feller was a growin' uncommon tall; till I disklivered that the buckskin breeches, that wur as wet as a young rooster in a spring rain, wur beginnin' to smoke an' draw up kinder, and wur a littin' brother Joe off the ground!"

"Brother Joe," sez I, "you're a goin' up."

"Brother Tom," sez he, "I ain't a doin' anything else."

And he scrunched down mitey hard, but it wurn't ov no use, for afore long he wur a matter ov some fifteen feet up in the air!

"Merriweather!" interrupted the widow.

"Brother Joe!" sez I.

"I'm here!" sez he.

"Catch hold of the top ov that black jack," sez I.

"Tall!" sez brother Joe, and he sorter leened over and grabbed the saplin', like as may be you've seed a sapfel land in an elm switch ov a June mornin'." But it wurn't ov no use, for, old woman, of you'd believe me, it gradually began to give way at the roots, and afore he'd got five foot higher, it jist slid out'n the ground, as easy as you'd pull up a spring reddish.

"Brother Joe!" sez I again.

"I'm a list'nin'," sez he.

"Cut your strap!" sez I, fur I seed it was his last chance.

"Tall!" sez brother Joe, that he looked sort a reproachful like at me, fur bracin' such a subjick, but after apparently considerin' awhile he cuts with his jackknife, an' kavin' over sideways, made a rip at the sole ov his left boot. There was a considerable deal ov cracklin' fur a second or two, then a crash sorter like as if a wagon-load ov wood had bruk down, and de whole ting I knowed, the fother ler shot up like a flash, and started him, and the last ting I seed ov brother Joe, he was a skirlin' round like a four spoked wheel with the rim off, away close toward sundown!"

There is a man who's hair is turned to bristles, in consequence of his having purchased a pot of hogs lard sold to him for bear's grease. Surely the government, which interferes in matters of less moment, ought to look after this, or the vendors of such things may take it into their heads to sell goose grease, and fashions become the fashion of the day.

A writer says "the making presents to a lady one address—s is like throwing armor into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it." That may be true; but if he once allows sleep or night to overtake him, ten to one the enemy retires under cover of darkness, crosses the river of matrimony, and thus puts to end all the noodle's hopes of an engagement.

Melancholy is another name for tough meat. We care not how imaginative a man may be, let him eat two pickled pigs' feet, and he will feel as manure as a peck of anthracite. What we often think is mind, is half the time grizzle.

For trouble, people have as many antidotes as they can make use of for catarrh. One flies to gin, another to devotion, while a third takes to ugliness, and decks his wife. An old gentleman who lives in our neighborhood, always soothes himself by blowing out his brains on a trombone, or else throwing tin pans at the cats next door.

Curiously—to look over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.

Twenty one hundred dollars, mostly specie, was found in a secret drawer by the appraisers of the estate of Molly Shelly, an elderly maiden recently deceased near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. That is "where the silver goes."

An old lady, upon picking up a newspaper, saw an obituary notice of a gentleman whom she knew, in which it was stated that he "died in the Lord." "Ah," she exclaimed "I always said he would never die in his bed!"

The Boston Transcript says high boots for ladies, made precisely like those for gentlemen, are coming in vogue. We are glad of it; there is no place in the world where a boot looks better than on a pretty foot.

**PAT'S READY WIT.**—Yesterday morning as an honest looking son of the north was plodding his way down W street, over the ice, he suddenly came to a halt upon the bricks, with his feet fast in a pile of forty-five degrees from the sidewalk. A young lady who was sweeping the step of a milliner's shop, remarked indignantly that the sidewalk was not icy.

"By my soule," said Pat, "if it is, I made it salute my posterity."